

by your hand (is the only end i foresee) by thecopperkid

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Summary:

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“The *fuck* did you just say to me? You wanna try that again?”

“Hear me out, okay,” Harrington says. “I mean. Maybe it would be good for us. Maybe it would fix things. I don’t really like you, you don’t really like me. But come on, you *feel* this, don’t you?”

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Steve suggests a new way to blow off steam after lax practice. Billy’s... willing to try anything, twice.

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Author's Note:

- For [ToAStranger](#).

born of a tumblr prompt fill.

for @toastranger, for inspiring me, and for everything it is that you do.

also thanks @misdirectedhex for encouraging me to make Billy and Steve as awful lax bros a Thing.

Harrington sucks. Fucking *prick*.

When they're at lacrosse practice, playing on opposite sides, Billy lives to body check Harrington. Stick check him, too. Does it the *entire* game. It's too *easy* to knock him, too easy to get in his head, throw him off his game so Billy can gain possession of the ball. To crawl inside Harrington's skin and itch at him.

Too bad, though. Harrington won't give him the satisfaction of knowing Billy bothers him. Just gives him this pissy look as he's initially jostled, but that's all he'll really do, he just doesn't seem to *want* to fight back like other guys might.

And that? It's frustrating to Billy, because he's determined to bring that side out of Harrington. The guy never seems to lose his cool, he's always even-keeled and sunny. He's too much of a *good sport*. Too preppy, too clean.

Perfect.

(Except, he's not. Billy knows a secret, one his big mouth is dying to spill: Harrington's into *guys*, too.)

Harrington's known as the *Golden Boy* on the field, which is a fucking joke. He's the captain, yeah, sure, but he's not even *that* good.

Billy wants to push Harrington in a puddle of mud on the field before

practice, just to dirty him up. See what he'd do. If he could finally get a rise out of him. Wreck his \$70 baby pink Vineyard Vines polo. Girly sailboat-print shorts, too. Stain those ugly fucking Birkenstocks beyond repair.

But the thing is, Harrington's also. *Really*. Unexplainably. Magnetic. To Billy.

He somehow cares about what Harrington's doing. Always finds himself watching his Snap stories. Even *turns his sound on*, full volume, to hear what this douchebag's saying in them. Hates himself for feeling a little left out when he's not invited to the parties or on the burn cruises he sees reflected on his screen.

Billy even finds himself at night on Instagram, looking over Harrington's profile. His bio says "lax" with a fucking red heart Emoji. And his zodiac sign, Christ.

And, like, *exhaustingly*, stereotypically, he's one of those athletes that thinks bios are the place for name-dropping bible quotes.

Billy's not really sure what *Colossians* means, and he's certainly not going to fucking Google it if that's the intention, but at a party he's *accidentally* walked in on Harrington wasted as fuck, pants around his ankles, with two girls stacked on his bed licking his cock, so like. He's not sure about how *devout* the kid really is.

But like, same. Because Billy's just as bad. Drugs and sex and booze are the reason he wakes up in the morning. Basically anything taboo, Billy's on it. Like, one time in a moment of drunk weakness, he jerked off to one of Harrington's shirtless posts on Instagram. Who even is he? Usually it takes some filthy bukkake or babysitter porn to get him there.

Guiltily masturbating to a boring picture of Steve Harrington, that's a time in his life he'd rather forget. (He came so hard, to make matters worse.)

Harrington's just so. *Obnoxious*.

In the most recent photo of Harrington, he's got his shoulder-length

chestnut hair *fishtail braided* by one of the girls who's been blowing him, named *Ari*. There's also this hashtag in the description, "*#flow*."

And is Billy guilty of referring to his own hair as *flow*, like, *yes*. Wears his hair tied up in an elastic, red paisley bandana wrapped around his forehead. Sort of a rite of passage when you start playing lacrosse.

But would he fucking use that hashtag, no, that's *different*. That's really annoying.

Okay, and speaking of things that are annoying?

Harrington's always fucking chewing gum, with his mouth open, real *fucking* loud. Blowing bubbles. Snapping and popping them. In the locker rooms, on the field, in the car on coffee runs, in class, like. It's *haunting*, Billy thinks he can hear it when he's alone.

Billy fantasizes that maybe if he pushed him hard enough into the mud, like he's always wanted to, maybe Harrington would choke on his piece of *Big Red*. Is that too dramatic?

So one day after practice, Billy's minding his damn business. Peeling out of his sweaty shorts, dislodging shoulder pads from his frame, shaking his hair out of his headband. Thinking about if he wants steak or veggies at Chipotle tonight, because like, veggies are probably *healthier*, and then he would get *free guac*, but like, he could use the protein, and --

Harrington's there. Cheeks pink from exercise, shirtless, in just his lacrosse shorts.

He's got a sparse patch of dark hair on his chest, and a matching trail that peeks out from his shorts. Billy's eyes go a little lower to where Harrington's clearly wearing a cup, but Billy finds himself thinking about what it would look like under that taut shiny fabric if he *wasn't* wearing one.

Bad. *Bad* Billy. He tries to shake that off. Feels his cock thickening under his own shorts. Which is ridiculous, it must be like, the smell of sweat in here or something, reminds Billy of taking cheerleaders into the guys' locker rooms to blow him after a win, back home in

Cali.

That *has* to be it. Has to be what it is.

“Oh, ‘sup, you’re still here,” Harrington greets. Plops himself down on the wooden bench. Chugging water from his big stupid Yeti bottle as he toes out of his cleats. Ice clatters inside the stainless steel, water runs down his chin. “You were *fire* out there, Hargrove.”

Cringey as all hell.

(Also? God, as if Harrington worked *that* hard, to warrant the obscene way he’s had to wipe water from his face. He’s kind of the underperforming attacker. Feels like Billy and Nick always have to pick up his fucking slack, honestly.)

“Somebody’s gotta be,” he says, grinning sharp, because he can’t keep his snark to himself, not if he even *tried*. And he’s so goddamn tired. Just wants to scrub the sweat and dirt off himself. Sometimes he can’t help being mean, even when he doesn’t *want* to be. “Some of us gotta *work* if we want a chance at a good school. Can’t just buy our way in.”

Harrington looks fucking pissy at that. Eyebrows cinch together, looking like a little bratty kid.

Maybe he’s genuinely offended Billy thinks he’s not so *golden*, after all.

“I was trying to be *nice*, but like, suit yourself,” Harrington snaps. Pulls out a pack of gum from his bag, bites the piece straight out of its foil and begins gnawing. Says around a juicy mouthful, “What the fuck did I even do to you?”

Billy shrugs. Feels like he can smell the cloying cinnamon from here, where he’s sat on the opposite side of the bench.

It’s more like, what *didn’t Harrington do* to Billy. For the past fucking year since they’ve met. What *didn’t* he do.

Harrington interprets his silence as a threat, evidently, and he continues, “Do you, like. Have a *problem* with me?”

Yeah, *several*. Let him fucking count them. Rattle them off.

Starting with Harrington's ass in his satiny lacrosse shorts, maybe.

But he can't exactly *say* that, so.

"No," he says, instead, "I just wish everything was as easy for me as it is for you."

And that's the fucking *truth*.

"Whatever, Billy," Harrington says. The first-name basis makes him sound so disappointed, unimpressed. "I have to shower."

He's gathering his Lush shampoo and fucking marbled soap to head into the stalls, but Billy doesn't really want him to go, if he's completely honest.

It feels like they've started something now. Harrington can't just walk off from that.

Billy's skin aches for a fight. For something. For *anything*.

"*Lush*, huh? Who you getting all pretty for?" he asks. Strategically not looking at Harrington, because he knows it'll drive him nuts that he's so casual when he says, "Do I know him?"

"*Hilarious*, " Harrington says, not missing a beat like Billy'd hoped he would. He blows a bubble with the gum, a force of habit. It crackles when he snaps it. Maybe it makes him feel less anxious, to have something to do with his mouth. "Where the fuck is this coming from? You're the worst. The fucking *worst*, I swear."

"Just admit it, though. You like sucking cock."

He doesn't know what possessed him to say it. Maybe it's because he wants to lodge deeper under Harrington's skin. Maybe it's because he just wants it to be *true*.

Harrington stops. Drops his stuff back into his bag.

"Oh, okay. *Okay*. Wow. I think I finally get it," Harrington sneers.

Mean look in his eyes that Billy doesn't recognize. He *craves* it. His heart races. Excited that he's stirred him up. "This is what it's always been, huh? You're *jealous of me*. That's why you're such a douche."

Maybe this was a bad road to go down, though, 'cause now Billy's got himself sort of trapped. He didn't even want to talk, and now he has to explain his way out of why Harrington pisses him off so bad.

When he's still trying to figure that out for *himself*.

"Not fucking jealous," he says, even though he is. Really fucking *is*, for many reasons. Like that Harrington can just breeze on into any college he wants because daddy will pay his way there. That he's the captain of their lax team, when Billy's clearly worked harder, is a better player, *athlete*. That Harrington has more money than he knows what to do with, and wastes it on *ugly fucking \$130 sandals*.

Harrington shakes his head. Looks like he's really fighting himself. Can't hold back anymore.

"Maybe we should just fuck, then," Harrington blurts. And Billy's not even sure he *heard* him right.

Billy's not easily thrown, but consider him fucking *thrown*, okay, he doesn't know what that even *means*.

"*The fuck* did you just say to me? You wanna try that again?"

"Hear me out, okay," Harrington says. "I mean. Maybe it would be good for us. Maybe it would fix things. I don't really like you, you don't really like me. But come on, you *feel* this, don't you?"

Obviously he fucking does. He has since he first saw the *Golden Boy*. In RayBans, kissing that ballerina-ass Nancy Wheeler in the halls of their high school.

It's thick, electric tension between them that can only otherwise be chalked up to *hate*, unless. Like.

Well.

He's thinking, searching Harrington's eyes, waiting for him to say *it's*

a joke, and *all the guys are in on it*, and you look like such a *fucking idiot*, Billy, but he waits too long because then Harrington's all frustrated, insecure, with the lack of response.

Harrington sounds downright *weak* when he lowers his voice, says, "Please tell me that you feel this. That it's not just me."

It's delicious to Billy.

There's a lot of things he *wants* to do. Part of him wants to blow it off. Call Harrington something *cruel* and *nasty* like "queer." Maybe that would be easier to do. It puts a bad taste in his mouth, though, makes him feel awful just *thinking* it. A little too close to home.

He's suddenly so hard, and Steve -- well, *Harrington*, he means, obviously -- *Harrington* is so. *Fine*.

Fine as *fuck*, he would say around the other lax guys, mimicking them.

You know. If he could ever *tell* them.

So he lets his dick talk for him, because it's safer. Because if he doesn't, he knows he'll end up hurting them both.

"It's not just you," Billy says. Caves in. It feels a little *good* to admit it. He doesn't like how cathartic it is. "I feel it, too. Christ."

"Yeah?" Harrington asks. Brown eyes wide. He slides down the bench, and Billy wants to kiss him. "Not fucking with me?"

"Yeah, *yeah*, not fucking with you," Billy breathes, and he leans in, experimentally, sniffs Harrington's scent. Sweat sweet in his nose. Cologne extra defined because of its reaction to his perspiration, that way it seems to be invigorated again by the introduction to sweat. It's a spicy, citrusy smell, like bergamot. Billy's aching cock twitches. "Fuck, that *smell*. Smells so pretty."

He's not even touching Harrington yet, and he's got the guy tremoring with a shiver. The power trip from it is intoxicating.

"So you really wanna do this?" he asks, touching tentatively at

Harrington's thigh, just at the point where his shorts end.

"Fuck, yeah," Harrington whispers, inching closer. Reaches for Billy's hair, cards his fingers through it. But then. "Wait, wait. *Fuck*. Any chance you have lube? Say you do."

Billy's practically purring as Harrington scratches his scalp, but he manages, "Oh. I kinda thought you would."

"Why would I have *lube* on me?"

"Because you're gay," Billy explains, matter-of-fact, quirking an eyebrow like it's so obvious. Because look, people are catching on, Harrington's not as fucking subtle as he thinks he is.

"Um, first of all, I'm *not*, and second of all, sorry, I don't bring fucking *lube* with me to *practice*."

"Well, I don't *know* that," says Billy. "I don't know what you *do*. Anyway, you're telling me Steve fucking Harrington doesn't have any sugar cookie lotion or some shit? I know you don't smell like a pretty princess on your own. There's gotta be something we can use."

And Harrington's quiet for a second. Drops his hand from Billy's hair. He blows out a breath and makes to reach into his bag. Tosses Bath & Body Works' *Warm Vanilla Sugar* at Billy, but won't meet his eyes. Because Billy's caught it perfectly, begun inspecting the label, and now he's fucking *laughing* aloud.

"That's all I got, alright? It probably won't work great, but--"

"Oh my fucking *God*, did I call that shit or *what*, down to the fucking *scent* --"

"Can we, just? *Please*? Can we?"

Billy sobers up. Looks at Harrington, serious.

"What're you waiting for, then," he says. "Since you wanna talk such big game. C'mere."

And Harrington's *on him*, scary-fast, like he'd just been waiting for

the green light.

He straddles Billy's lap on the bench, a tangle of limbs as he rocks into him, testing.

His brown eyes go dark with lust as he stares into Billy's own. He brushes their lips together, soft at first, tasting spicy like cinnamon from Harrington's gum.

And suddenly it's like. They're all teeth. Biting at lower lips. Harrington even nips Billy's tongue, then suctions over it, into his mouth like he's trying to suck it down. He pushes his gum into Billy's mouth, fucking *gross*, smiling a little devious when he pulls away.

"Fuck, *ew*," Billy says, but he chews it once, twice, and extracts it with his fingers. Shoves it back past Harrington's lips, says, "Swallow it."

And Harrington *does*. Eager to please. Watching Billy with Bambi eyes. Billy watches *back*, tracing the way his throat works.

Christ. This kid. So keyed up. It's almost *cute*, if he wasn't such a little bitch.

He's so handsy, all over Billy's toned chest, down his tan, thick arms. Billy puts his hot hands over Harrington's pretty skinny hips, guides their bodies together as he humps up. Cock trapped by the cup, dragging over Harrington's ass. He wonders how good it would feel pushed to the hilt inside.

"Finally got you to shut the fuck up," Harrington says against Billy's mouth, proud, as they kiss lazy and sloppy. "If I'd known it was *this* easy -- fuck -- I'd have done it a long time ago."

Billy rolls his fucking eyes.

"Whatever. I wanna fuck your ass," he breathes. "Stretch you out. Leave you *leaking* my come. I wanna see it drip out of you."

And like, *yeah*, he's gonna wear a condom. He's not an idiot. Harrington's probably *dirty*. But he gets off on this. Picturing himself giving Harrington a creampie. Ruining his hole. *Hot*.

"You're the worst," Harrington tells him for what feels like the millionth time. There's delight in his eyes. He *likes* being talked to like that. "God, that's gross. You're so fucking gross."

Maybe Billy *is* gross, but still, Harrington's body's betraying his words. All up *on* Billy.

"You're a fucking slut," Billy says. "Probably let every guy on the team have a turn with you, huh?"

"No," Harrington grits. He sucks at Billy's neck with fervor. He'll leave hickeys behind. "No one on the *team*. Just you. I don't know *why*. You're such an asshole. Why, you jealous, baby? Always so *jealous*."

"Get on your knees," commands Billy. He slaps Harrington's ass with his broad hand. "Wanna see you on your knees for me."

"On the *floor*? "

"You see a fucking *bed* in here? That's how I want you. Come on, someone could walk in. We gotta be quick. I want to come. Sometime *today*."

"Okay, okay, Jesus," Harrington says. Strips out of his shorts, underwear with it. Does as he's told. Looks back over his shoulder, biting his lip.

He's almost. Cute. Like this. Long eyelashes. Back bowed and pale ass up, thighs Billy wants to sink his teeth into. His cock and balls hanging, heavy, between the V of his delicately muscled legs.

Billy lubes his fingers with sugar-sweet lotion. Joins Harrington kneeling on the floor, coaxes over his back with one hand as he rubs wet circles into Harrington's hole with his middle finger.

Harrington fucking *whimpers*, breath fluttering in his chest. Says, "Oh, *God*," as Billy slides it all the way in, no hesitation, no preamble.

"You're fucking tight," Billy murmurs. About as nice as Harrington will ever hear him be. He picks up the pace, fingerfucks him, in awe at how Harrington takes his fingers. Accommodates the stretch. "How

y'doing? This fine?"

"Give me more, I'm fine, I can do it," Harrington says, when Harrington's hardly got the second one in through his entrance yet. "Give me your fucking cock already."

"Done this before?" says Billy, taunting.

"Maybe. Once or twice."

"Oh, okay, *bullshit*," he says. He thrusts his fingers into Harrington *hard*. Harrington hisses at the pressure. "Slut. That was *such* a fucking slut response."

But Billy procures a condom from his bag with lightning speed. Rolls it on and slicks up his cock with *Warm Vanilla Sugar*. Groans, guttural, at the tease. His hand feels fucking good, and it's crazy thinking Harrington will feel even better, especially if he holds him down and makes him just *take* it.

"*Fuck* me," Harrington says. "God, can we just get this over with? I'm gonna lose it."

"Fine," Billy says. It comes out like a growl as he's lining up. Poking the fleshy head just at Harrington's entrance. "You're such a little bitch."

He sucks in a breath as his length slips in, past the tight ring of muscles. Sheathed in warmth and wetness. His hips have a mind of their own, fucking in deep, languid. *All the way in*, 'til he bottoms out. Sinful.

"*Fuck*, baby, fuck, so tight," Billy gushes. "So tight on my cock."

He holds Harrington with one hand on his pert ass, the other tangled in his too-long hair. *Flow*. Pulls harder than he should on purpose, is addicted to the way Harrington mewls in displeasure at being manhandled.

Harrington's really, actually tight as *fuck*. Takes Billy so well, though. Moans at the stretch of Billy's fat cock.

Billy gives his hair another good tug, arches Harrington back while he leans forward, so their faces are close enough for him to whisper, "Tell me you fuckin' hate me. Talk to me, Harrington. Tell me why, need to hear you say it."

Harrington whines, writhing helplessly, restrained. "Can't fucking *stand* you. Can't fucking stand you on the field, can't stand your voice. 'Cause you're so fucking gross. 'Cause you're the worst person I know. You're such a fucking asshole, just using me to come like this."

Billy feels like he could blow his load at that. Just thinking about how Harrington doesn't even *like* him. Doesn't even want to be *around* him. And yet here Billy is, all the way inside him, invading his space, in the most intimate way people can be connected.

"Do all the girls know you like taking dick this much?" Billy chides. Rolling his hips in small circles to shallow out the penetration. Make Harrington beg for it. Make him squirm. "That you're that desperate to suck some cock?"

"Do you *ever* shut the fuck up?" Harrington spits out. "Can't fucking *stand* you. *Thought* this would shut you up, for at least a little while. Jesus Christ."

"Come on, Harrington, I'm serious," says Billy. Smiling, coy. "You're supposed to be this gentleman, right? A *good* guy. Good guys don't treat girls like that, now do they?"

Harrington's a wreck. Shaking his head. Long hair damp, plastered wiry to his face, neck and shoulders. His fair skin, flushed, hot to the touch. "What about you?"

"What *about* me?"

"Fucking me like this," Harrington pants. "Getting off to me, on the floor of the lockers, Hargrove, when you've got all these girls hitting you up, that's. Really. *Really* fucking disgusting."

"Yeah, baby? Think so? But you love it. Such a dirty fucking slut. You love knowing I could have any *girl* I want. But you're the one I want to fuck. And you won't *tell nobody*. "

Billy leans over Harrington's back, pressing their sweating skin together. Sticky. He reaches around to Harrington's mouth.

"Hey, *open*, open up wide for me," Billy says. When Harrington obeys, *good boy*, he fucks his mouth with the same fingers he used to stretch him out with. *Gross*. The vanilla lotion smells too sweet. Billy thinks it will probably be all over his own body, inside Harrington, *forever*. Never be able to fully get it off. "You're so nasty. You just wanna get fucked. Look how much you love taking cock. Love getting your ass fucked."

He *rails* Harrington at the thought. Thrusts in hard and mean and aggressive. Chokes him with his fingers until he's gagging, heaving against them, which sends involuntary shockwaves down his body, making his hole tighten around Billy's cock. He's drooling and there's a thin line of spit running down Billy's knuckles, over the back of his palm.

"Holy fuck," Billy grunts. "I'm close, I'm gonna. Gonna *fucking* come inside you. You're gonna make me come. *You're* gonna make me."

Pleased at the feeling, Billy does it again, harder, scratching the back of Harrington's throat, picturing his large fingers hitting Harrington's uvula. He sputters around Billy's fingers like he can barely stand to take it anymore. Eyes tear up, hole vices around Billy.

Billy fucking *comes* right then with a strangled groan. Contractions wracking his system, like a million little fucking *rainbows* coursing over his nerve endings. His head buzzes like he's been snorting something, lightheaded and tingly, and he humps into Harrington's hole until he's completely emptied his balls inside the condom. Inside *Harrington*.

The Golden Boy. All fucked out, hole raw and red and sore.

Billy humps him 'til the sensation's gone, and Harrington's so good, just takes it all. Lets Billy take what he needs.

Billy pulls out to tie the condom off, and Harrington's scrambling to get up, now. Pushes Billy back, against the lockers, and kneels over his waist. Billy watches, blissed out and sleepy, as Harrington brushes

fingers through his own sweaty hair, getting it out of his eyes.

He slicks up his palm with sticky wet saliva, strokes his cock fast, hard, looking fucking *obscene* the way he twirls his wrist from the base to the ridge of the pinkened head.

“Wanna ruin you,” Harrington groans. “Wanna come all over you, ruin your pretty face. Fuck, you’re such a piece of shit. Look what you did to me.”

“You hate me that much, huh? So why’re you so *close, then?* You’re *so* close, baby. Hate me so much, but look at you. Coming apart. So close, just from me *fucking* you. Wanna see you bust, all over me.”

Hearing Billy’s voice, the throaty drawl of it, that sends him over the edge. His eyelids flutter as it courses through his body, and Billy stares, in awe as Harrington’s long cock spurts come, hot and messy running down his wrist, shooting onto Billy’s heaving chest in thick ropes.

Harrington moans like a fucking *slut* , it’s filthy. Until he’s dry, he fucks his fist, and then Billy leans up to kiss him, open mouthed, tonguing inside. Out of necessity, out of a need to ground each other.

He lets Harrington thread his comey fingers with his own, but he blames it on the dissociative, all-encompassing tingle of the afterglow.

*

They need a shower after this.

They do it separately, in different stalls, because why wouldn’t they, right? Nothing’s changed. Maybe then they can try to figure out what the *fuck* that was.

Billy’s spineless and like Jell-O, though, doesn’t make any headway with his thoughts, really, except that he’s ordering that fucking steak in his burrito.

Once Billy’s all toweled off, he meets up with Harrington at the bench. Sneaks up behind him. His back’s a plane of milky skin, dotted

with moles and freckles. Hair up in a fucking clip at the back of his scalp. Towel tied just under his tummy.

Billy starts rubbing Harrington's shoulders, working out the kinks, and at first Harrington jumps at the touch, surprised. It's sexy watching him relax into it -- this feels too normal, since they sometimes do this for each other after practice. Too familiar. Like he wasn't just balls deep in Harrington. "*Slut*" easy on his lips.

"You okay?" Billy asks him, gently. "You good?"

"So good, really good," Harrington gushes. Sighs, rolls his neck as Billy migrates to his upper back. Then, sheepishly, "Actually? I could go again."

Billy laughs, using his elbow now to iron out a knot in Harrington's shoulder blade. Harrington winces at the pressure of Billy digging into him.

"Jesus. You want Chipotle?"

"All you think about is your fucking *stomach*, " says Harrington. A moment ticks by. Then he's like, "Of course I fucking want *Chipotle*."

Author's Note:

title is from "by your hand" by los campesinos

"and it's a good night for a fist fight
because the dew will temper your fall
you'll sing me lullabies in form of your catcalls"